

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 29 No. 5

May 15, 1961

Whole No. 344



## DIME NOVEL SKETCHES #23

### FRANK READE WEEKLY

One of the most sought after weeklies. Published by Frank Tousey, brilliantly colored covers. 8x10 inches, 32 pages. 96 issues, October 31, 1902 to August 26, 1904. Reprinted stories from the black and white Frank Reade Library published a few years earlier in the 90's.

## YOUNG WILD WEST'S OTHER PARD; OR, ARIETTA'S ONLY RIVAL

by Edward G. Ingraham

Once upon a time when you stretched from eight to twelve years of age, did you happen to run across someone like Mrs. Sarah Thomas? A Mrs. Sarah Thomas of Sodus Point New York? On second thought, though you may have been unacquainted with this particular little, old lady, no doubt you knew someone who meant as much to you, as a lad, as she did to me. She was my side-kick in crime and punishment,

She occupied that unique position that few older folks do—that of being the one person to whom a young fellow feels free to go when he wishes to escape from what he believes is misunderstanding from a too-realistic world of school or more. Mrs. Thomas' kitchen, with its cast-iron, wood-and-coal-burning stove, where I could sit in a rocking chair, and plant my feet on the warm frame just outside the ash pit, was my hide-away.

But perhaps you are remembering that your own spot of refuge was not an elderly lady's kitchen. No matter. Your Pat Murray's tool shed, George Vannauker's barn, or Darwin Woodcock's wood shed to me was Mrs. Thomas' kitchen fire. That is, it was, until one day my pardner took her little, black sample case, disap-

peared, and then returned for only a short time.

Our friendship began the day she wanted to buy the extra newspaper I had left over from my paper route. Whether or not I hoped to solve the mystery of that black case she always carried on her frequent trips past our house I do not remember; but I offered to give her my daily extra for nothing. From that day she was a special friend, this 80 year old lady. Moreover, she captured all my admiration and respect when she explained that mysterious case. It had been and was her means of earning her livelihood for more than thirty years. In it she carried brightly-colored samples of calico, gingham and silk to dress customers scattered over town. And her profit of twenty-five cents on the dollar assured her of the independence she wanted and the three complete meals she insisted upon preparing for herself daily. "Someday I'll be really old," she would say, "and then I'll need my strength."

It was after one of those meals one evening that Mrs. Thomas cleared her table, leaving only the salt and pepper to stand guard, and motioned me toward the cast-iron stove, still warm from the supper fire. She made certain that one of the two rocking chairs and I suited each other. Seating herself in the other, she drew it close to the fire.

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That night she told the first of the wonderful stories that were to hold me a willing captive for many a time that winter. Her words carried us back to the Civil War and Gettysburg. Her tales of pioneer days held like a spell. And when it came my turn to offer some remark, all I could say was that those western adventures were just like the pictures on some dime novels I had seen in a local store. A moment later she handed me a few coins from her change purse. "Get some for you and me," she smiled.

Any time Mrs. Thomas could spare from earning a living she spent in the exciting world of reading. Not all stories pleased her, I discovered. To her the only right kind of tale had to have right triumph; the hero to possess nothing but noble qualities; and the villain, dyed in deepest black, to pay the penalty of his wickedness.

To this end *An Old Scout* was the answer, and Mrs. Thomas' change purse and my paper route money provided us with dozens of copies of "Young Wild West Weekly." Those wonderfully colored nickel novels provided her and me countless opportunities for the discussions of the hero's pluck in his hours of danger; his bravery when he caused a bad Indian or villain to bite the dust; or his daring when he rescued Arietta from the hands of the enemy. It was the "bounden duty" of any man worthy of the name of gentleman, she often declared, to be on hand, or at least within rescuing distance, if any girl or woman was in distress.

And I was away from town when it happened — her departure that shocked me deeply. On her accustomed daily round of visits to her customers she had tripped on a raised sidewalk, fallen, and broken her hip. To the boy who had lived the stories of the Old West with her, the news of her passing was unbelievable.

The first time I visited the cemetery I learned something unusual. Her marker was there—and the stone held her name—Sarah Thomas.

But an omission startled me. Neither the date of her birth or death was registered on the stone; and suddenly I knew why. It was her way of passing on to me our last secret. She wasn't there at all, it seemed, but was on one of those errands again—this time with her friend, Young Wild West. For a moment I could almost see the two of them taking care that no bad Indians or renegades had a chance to "bite the celestial dust" of some Happy Hunting Ground.

## MY BOY HAROLD

by Charlie Duprez

Two of our more recent members as you may have noticed bear the same family name, Ingraham, but so far as I know they are not related. Quite by coincidence I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Harold C. Ingraham. Mr. Edward so far have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

It was really due to Eddie Le Blanc that Harold C. wrote to me, having heard I had been over a great deal of the West in my early days and being a photographer thought I might have some photographs of early Western characters for use in a book he was writing pertaining of course to the West. The only ones in my files were a few I had made special for our monthly Roundup of Broncho Charlie, last living (at that time) of the old Pony Express Riders. Since published some time ago in the Roundup he died at the age of 105. Possibly you read my story Broncho Charlie Tangles with Brother Orphal, now also no more. We both went to N. Y. City where Charlie was in a Home, not only for the pictures, but to get his story.

These pictures I of course sent on to him whom I will now refer to as Harold. I suggested in my letter that he get in touch with the Librarian of the Denver Post who had been kind enough to help me out for an article since published about a 600 mile Cowboy Race, Evanston, Wyo., back to



Denver. I covered this while working for the Denver Post. A rewritten article about that was in your Roundup a few years ago called, "Following the Horses Without a Shovel, or Nameless Joe Rides Again." If I wanted to be real smarty pants I would say it was one of my pseudonyms, Nameless Joe among others for the Roundup. The feller who invented that jaw breaker pseudonym sure wanted to let folks know he vos ein schmartness yet. Anyway a lot of you finally found out what it meant. Also how to spell it.

When Harold learned I had worked on the Post he was quite intrigued due to his also having worked there as a reporter two years prior to my time which was 1908. So you brothers can guess I'm no longer wearing my diapers. So from then on he and myself have for almost two years now been having a whale of a time corresponding telling many tales, some perhaps tall ones about our newspaper days.

Perhaps many of you do not know that Harold is the nephew of Prentiss Ingraham, the once famous writer of those thrilling Buffalo Bill tales. Harold not only writes many articles for various publications, he like his Uncle being really quite a writer also has written a number of books.

He sent me a few duplicate copies of a few articles and although I do writing to some extent, my hocum can never touch his. Therefore I wonder he even bothers with the likes of me. It is not modesty on my part saying this as modesty no one ever accused me of.

What did amaze me was his personal contact with so many well known people in public life. Even while in N. Y. City he wine and dined with quite a few whom I had on assignments photographed. Especially his contact with the larger circus shows. For quite a while advance and publicity agent for some. In a recent letter he told me about Clyde Beatty of circus fame was badly hurt in Honolulu.

Right now he lives in Owensboro,

Kentucky, with his wife Nellie, and for a wonderful companion to her the daughter, Becky of Jack Warner, Warner Bros. pictures. In fact one of his, Harold's, scripts is to be used on T. V. by the Warners.

Space in the Roundup does not permit the many interesting thrilling events, his travels here and abroad so this will just have to cover a few highlights. He had seen while in London, my brother Fred who appeared at the Palladium, so this also served to draw our friendship closer together.

Thank you Eddie Le Blanc for being responsible for my getting acquainted if only via correspondence with one of the nicest persons I ever knew. I'm hoping that before this old boy finally hits the well known skids from the vale of laughter and tears, to meet him in person.

### SINCLAIR TOUSEY

(From the Fireside Companion  
of July 23, 1897)

Mr. Sinclair Tousey, the President of the American News Company, which distributes to the newsdealers THE FIRESIDE COMPANION and all the principal newspapers and magazines of the United States, died at his residence in this city on the 16th of June, in his seventy-second year.

Mr. Tousey was a native of Connecticut. His ancestors for many generations were New England people, and one of them, Reverend Thomas Tousey, was a person of considerable prominence in colonial times. Like many other successful and eminent men, he was born poor, and by his own exertions rose to wealth and influence. His early opportunities were meager, and the record of his struggles is long and full of vicissitudes. At the age of ten he was employed in a cotton factory. At thirteen he was bound out to a farmer. At sixteen after a hard experience on a farm, he walked a hundred miles to Danbury, Connecticut, and apprenticed himself to a carpenter. Subse-



quently he was induced to come to New York, and became a clerk in a grocery store. Taking the cholera, he gave up the grocery business and went back to Connecticut, where he worked on a farm near New London for nine dollars a month. He was at this time eighteen years of age, and having saved some money, he invested it in quinces, brought them to New York and doubled his capital.

In New York he became a newspaper carrier, and delivered to subscribers Noah's Weekly Messenger and the Jeffersonian, a leading New York Democratic journal. This was in the days before newsdealers and periodical depots were known.

He was employed as a carrier by the New York Herald, then a penny paper, and he was engaged by Mr. Moses Beach to go to Philadelphia and extend the circulation of the New York Sun in that city. He at one time worked in New Haven, Conn. where he was born, as agent for the New York Transcript, and finally went to Louisville, Ky., where he established the Louisville Daily Times, the first penny paper issued west of the Alleghany Mountains.

From 1840 to 1853 he resumed his old occupation as a farmer in central New York and became a partner in a small wholesale newspaper house which took the firm name of Ross, Jones & Tousey. This was the germ of the American News Company, which was organized February 1, 1864 Mr. Tousey becoming the president, which position he retained without interruption until his death. The original members of the American News Company besides Mr. Tousey, were George Dexter, Henry Dexter, John Hamilton, S. W. Johnson, Patrick Farrelly and John E. Tousey.

This is, in brief, the record of a business career of extraordinary variety and success. Throughout his life, Mr. Tousey was never disheartened by ill fortune. Failing in one thing, he took up another with undiminished energy, until finally he found the field which responded generously to his efforts and crowned them with

a splendid fortune. The great company of which he was the head has done an important work in cheapening and distributing newspapers and periodicals, and in building up the great chain of news agencies which now covers the land, and brings the news of the world and the best literature to the very doors of the people.

Mr. Tousey, while diligent in business, took an active part in public affairs. He not only wrote and spoke fluently and well upon any subject which interested him, but he engaged personally in every description of charitable and reformatory work. He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association, and active member of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals, and of other similar societies for relieving forms of suffering and injustice.

He had the courage of his convictions, and his part in the national controversy over slavery, and in several great public crises will be remembered to his honor, and should be properly set forth in a worthy biographical tribute.

His published letters and speeches, and a volume of travel entitled "Papers From Over the Water," contain ample material for an interesting volume.

He was fond of children and flowers, and especially hospitable to young men. His friendship, like his word, was always to be relied upon.

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## MERRIWELL STORIES

### in TIP TOP WEEKLY

Stories of Frank and Dick Merriwell and Tip Top Weekly are my specialty. Have hundreds in good condition at reasonable prices. Send want list.

GUINON, Box 214, Little Rock, Ark.

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## BACK NUMBERS

of Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Roundup Nos. 1 to 237 for sale.

Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St., So. Grafton, Mass.



## NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

161 Pleasant St., S. Grafton, Mass.

The University of Oklahoma Press has announced that it will publish Volume III of "The House of Beadle and Adams" by Prof. Albert Johannsen. It will be ready in May of this year and will cost \$7.50. Get your order in early.

Brother members Ed LeBlanc and Arthur N. Carter visited up here several times this past winter, and we did some trading.

Capt. Frank C. Acker and family are over in Germany. He seems to like it there, but for one thing, he can't seem to find any of the old timers he likes over there, anywhere, so when he comes back in 1962 he'll be able to find something over here, I am sure. He likes E. R. Burrough's books that he doesn't have.

Frank Schott and wife and George Sahr and wife are planning to come east and meet up with other collectors in the spring, providing everything goes right which we hope it will. Frank loves old novels as much as he likes guns. Frank got hold of some Pluck and Lucks from Don Learnard that he's been after for years. Frank also mentions the fact, that, some woman out his way gave a set of Ivers Deadwood Dick Library to the museum and got a lot of, or I should say a bit of ink (write up). No doubt she thought she was giving them a fortune in old timers.

P. J. Moran says it was a terrible loss of both Mr. A. W. Lawson of London and his very fine collection, which you may as well say, went to the dogs. Too bad.

Henry Stinemetts of Los Angeles, California, died Nov. 18, 1960. Don't know if he was still a member of H. H. Bro. or not, but he was before. What his folks did with his large collection of Beadles Dimes and Half Dime Libraries, I don't know, but anyone who wishes to write, his address was 242 So. Buena Vista St., Hemet, Calif. God take care of him wherever he may be.

Ward G. Loucks wants Nos. 75 and 78 of Merriwell Series.

Have you seen the "American Book Collector" for March 1960? It sure is a humdinger. Brother C. Dykes has a fine article in it on Buckskin Sam, ranger and writer on the Life and Subliterary Labors of Sam'l Stone Hall with a large picture of Buckskin Sam. Also a fine Bibliographical check list of the writings of Sam'l Stone Hall. Then a picture on front cover of Beadles Dime Library #3, Vol. 1. There's a story, Kit Carson, the Crack Shot of the West, A Wild Life Romance by Buckskin Sam. If interested you can obtain a copy by sending one dollar to J. C. Dykes, 4511 Guilford Rd., College Park, Md. It's a great collectors item—don't miss it.

There was a small item in the Worcester Telegram of March 20th, 1960 stating that Buffalo Bill took the longest Courier Ride with no rest covering 384 miles. That is some ride on a pony you betcher, but I wonder did he use the same horse, far as I know no horse could do that without rest. They most likely read that in the Buffalo Bill Weekly.

Pard Northrop (a clown of ye olde Circus Days) says Buffalo Bill was stranded about 1892 on the beach of Coney Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. Northrop had been with them, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, on Saturdays and Sundays, both Bills lost quite a pot of money in this venture.

Arthur Moyse, our London member had a fine story in Roundup 322, let us have more of them from your pen Pard.

The Westerners Brand Book for 1960 had a very fine number on the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and Charles A. Siringo. John A. Brown, Attorney for the Pinkertons tells how he stopped publication of books by the Cowboy detective.

Ralph Adinari considers Edward Ellis as one of the best writers and as per the Rogers articles, he sure had plenty of pen names.

W. R. Johnson, 416 Wheeler St., Ardmore, Okla., wants to know if

## MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

233. William J. Clark, 1300 N. Scott St., Apt. 9, Arlington 9, Va. (new mem.)  
 234. Kent L. Steckmesser, Dept. of History, Los Angeles State College, 5151 State College Drive, Los Angeles 32, Calif. (New member)  
 235. U. of Kentucky Libraries, Acquisitions Department, Lexington, Ky. (New member)

anyone had seen or remembers the picture post cards of Ted Strong, the Merriwells and other libraries, offered to the readers of the various nickel libraries. Street and Smith offered them free if a reader wrote in stating what they liked about the stories. Has anyone some for sale?

Lou Kohrt of 3749 Robinhood St., Houston, Texas, wishes some members would drop down Texas way and see his many 5 and dime novels to show them. He has many for sale. He has one of the original Mutt and Jeff books with stiff cover, who wants it? Lou and his sister were up here last May 23, 24 and 25th, met Ralph Smith and his wife, the Messiers and the LeBlanc family, and myself. I took them to the Concord-Lexington Bridge where the first shot in 1776 was heard around the world. It was my first visit there although 'tis but fifty miles away.

Charlie Duprez and his wife remained overnight at my ranch, July 7th, intending to visit a few brothers, he found his mind was strong, but the flesh not so hot, driving his old model T Fords on long trips years ago much more relaxin' than 'tis today, so he, besides myself, only saw Ken Dagget and his sister Pearl. If Eddie Smart and wife Boom Boom had not stopped in he would have muffed them too.

## WANTED

New Members for Horatio Alger Club  
 Dues \$2.00 per year

Catalogue and list of members being compiled now. Help us set up an Alger lending library for boys in your town. Get our Trade and Want lists.

Dealers welcome  
 write

George L. Setman III, Secy.  
 364 Milford Square Road  
 Quakertown, Pa.

Colonel Charles David Randolph  
 "Buckskin Bill," Poet of the Plains

# Wants

Buffalo Bill Stories without covers.

Search around your discard pile and see if you can come up with a few to list to

BUCKSKIN BILL RANDOLPH

2316 Jefferson Ave.  
 Davenport, Iowa

## WANTED

Invention and science fiction weeklies  
 —Frank Reade Weekly, Jack Wright, Tom Edison, Jr., etc.

WOODY GELMAN

Box 293 Franklin Square, N. Y.

## WANTED

Beadles Dime Library #26 291 326  
 Beadles Half Dime Library #854  
 Frank Starr's American Novels #57 130

Log Cabin Library #123  
 Brave and Bold #127 310  
 Tip Top Weekly #147 480  
 Happy Days #364 365 366 367  
 Wide Awake Library #659

CHARLES ROTHSTEIN

Apt. 3, 1665 Commonwealth Ave.  
 Brighton 35, Mass.



### ITEMS FOR COLLECTORS

Johannsen: The House of Beadle and Adams. Volume 3. Contains addenda, and corrections to the big two-volume set. Size about 11¼x8¼ inches. 108 pages. Illustrated. \$7.50. (New.)

Johannsen: The House of Beadle and Adams. Volume 1 and 2. Now available. New. \$20.00.

Abraham Lincoln Cartoons. Big page, 163 pages of cartoons of Lincoln from old magazines, posters, prints, etc. 326 pages. Published at \$6.50. My price, \$3.25.

Life of Ned Buntline. "The Great Rascal." Regular \$4.50 clothbound edition. My price \$3.50.

Old New England Churches. 171 pages. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Treasury of Stephen Foster. 222 pages. Words and music. Illustrated in tints. \$2.50.

Jules Verne: Michael Strogoff. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. New clothbound books. 75c each.

Villains Galore. 320 pages. About the publishers, editors, writers for the old story papers. Illustrated. Regular \$5.00 edition. My price, \$4.00.

### BEADLE'S DIME LIBRARY:

- 122 Buntline: Saul Sabberday, the Idiot Spy. \$3.00.
- 123 Johnson: Alapaha, the Squaw. \$1.50
- 148 Coomes: One Armed Alf. \$1.50
- 150 Monstery: El Rubio Bravo. \$1.50
- 156 Burr: Velvet Face. \$1.50
- 163 Robinson: Ben Brion, the Trapper Captain. \$1.50
- 196 Aiken: La Marmoset. \$1.50
- 354 Aiken: Red Richard. \$1.50
- 43 Coomes: Dakota Dan, the Reckless Ranger. \$1.50
- 66 Capt. Mayne Reid: The Spectre Barque. \$2.00
- 243 Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill): The Pilgrim Sharp. \$2.00
- 629 Daredeath Dick, King of the Cowboys. Novel of Buffalo Bill \$2.00
- 138 Johnson: The Border Bandits. \$1.50

### MISCELLANEOUS:

Boys of America (Frank Leslie). 1874. (12 numbers) Bound. \$10.00  
 Bracebridge Hemyng novels. Thick, no Harkaways. 2 for \$1.00  
 Alger Series: The Young Outlaw, Ragged Dick. \$1.00 each  
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 Far West Lib'y, Buffalo Bill Border Stories, Great Western. \$1 ea.  
 Boys' Dashaway. A few in only fair condition at 2 for \$1.00.  
 Early Western Life, American Detective, Old Sleuth's Special. 50c each.

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